# The Liberalist

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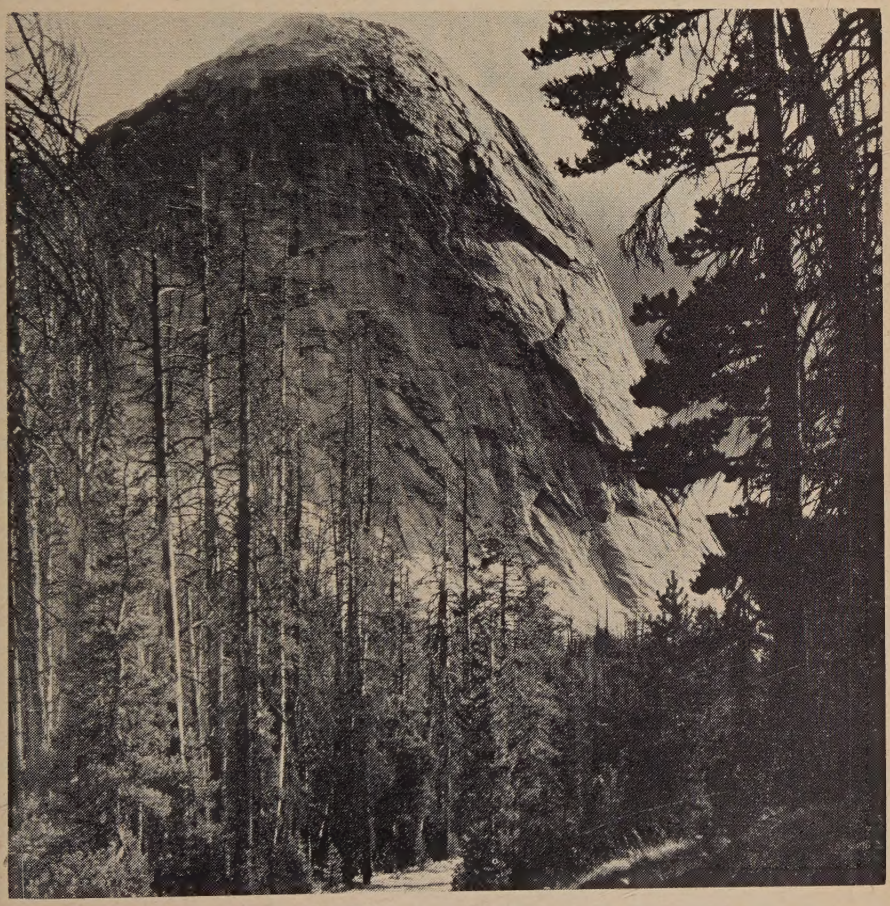
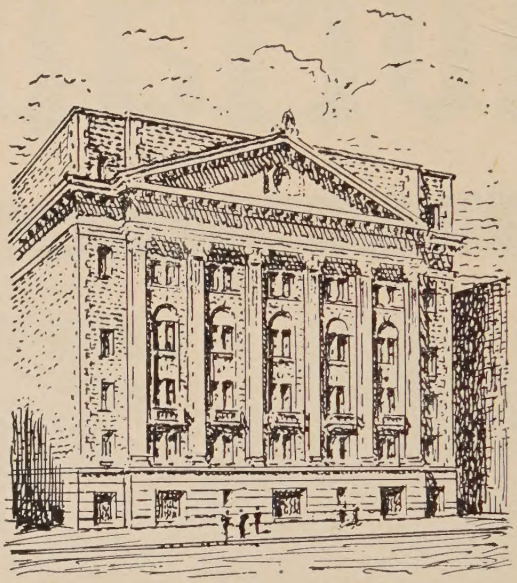


Come! Let us fight for beauty,
As once in hours of flame
We battled for deliverance
From servitude and shame. . . .
Defend our forest brothers,
Reclaim the wasted lands. . . .
Come! Let us fight for Paradise
As gods who give commands.

*(From Battle Call to Beauty*
*by Angela Morgan)*



**THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO**

**Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road**

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church

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# "ALONG THE WAY"

**By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY**

FOR many years I have made it a practice to be out of my pulpit for the two Sundays following Easter. I usually plan a complete change and a restful visit to some country or locality which is unfamiliar to me. After a strenuous winter and the fourteen sermons of Holy Week I am usually ready for a complete rest. This year, however, I decided to take a busman's holiday and so arranged to preach in the First Unitarian Church of New Orleans and the First Unitarian Church of Baltimore, Maryland, while I was on my holiday.

I came through the winter's work feeling unusually well and less fatigued than in many previous years. I am glad now that I decided to do exactly as I did.

We left Chicago on the Monday following Easter for New Orleans and had a comfortable and most enjoyable ride on the Panama Limited, of the Illinois Central Railroad to New Orleans. When we sat down in the diner, we were surprised when the steward said to us that we were the guests for dinner of Mr. Wayne Johnson, President of the Illinois Central Railroad. Mr. Johnson, whom I have known for a long time, is one of our finest citizens and interested in the welfare of our community. He has been active in Boy Scout activities and has always willingly found time to assist in many laudable efforts. It is encouraging to have men of his stature and who are as busy as he, giving so much of their time and energy to the welfare of others.

We appreciated very much his courtesy, as we did the many evidences of concern for our trip given us by the Illinois Central Railway. We were met in New Orleans by the superintendent and agent of the railroad, who facilitated our getting transportation immediately to the Roosevelt Hotel. For all this we are deeply grateful.

As soon as we arrived in our hotel room the phone rang and the Reverend Albert D'Orlando, Minister of the First Unitarian Church in New Orleans, called to greet us. He told me the congregation had planned a reception for Mrs. Bradley and myself that evening in his home. We were very grateful for the kindly and hospitable effort to make our New Orleans visit pleasant. That evening we found the spacious and lovely home which the church provides for its minister filled with members of the church who greeted us most warmly and made us feel that we were among friends. Delicious refreshments were served and as we returned to our hotel we felt that the people of New Orleans were living up to their justified reputation for the social graces.

Active in the New Orleans Church are Mr. and Mrs. William Wiedorn, of 1305 Jackson Avenue, New Orleans. Mr. Wiedorn is a landscape artist and agriculturist for the New Orleans Park System. He was most desirous that we see the beautiful parks of the city. This we were able to do as they took us in their car, showing us many things which I am sure we would never have seen otherwise. The parks of New Orleans are extremely beautiful and I could consume all of this space in describing them. We also visited the scene of the Battle of New Orleans, one of the most historic spots in the vicinity. In the late evening, Mr. and

Mrs. Wiedorn, June and I took a mile and a half walk along the docks of the Mississippi River front. We saw ships from many different countries of the world. As one who loves a ship and the sea, it was a fascinating experience for me.

When we walked down to the United Fruit Dock, I had hoped that the "Chiriqui," the ship on which I had traveled to Panama last year might be in dock. When once you have traveled on a ship and have been a part of it as you journey to some foreign port, you have an affection for that ship that never leaves you. I was delighted to receive a telephone call from Dr. Leon Gitmul, who was the ship's doctor on the "Chiriqui" last year, and who this year is serving on the United Fruit Liner "Jamaica." The "Jamaica" was in port. Dr. Gitmul had seen by the New Orleans paper that I was in New Orleans and called me and we arranged on Friday of that week to meet and go as far up the gulf coast as Gulfport and Biloxi.

June being an excellent driver, we rented a car from a Drive-It-Yourself Company in New Orleans and spent a most enjoyable and interesting day, returning to New Orleans before three o'clock, as the "Jamaica" was due to sail at that hour. The gulf coast road from New Orleans to Biloxi was a fascinating drive and one of the loveliest I have ever made—miles and miles of white sand beaches. The weather was very kind, brilliant sunshine and blue sky. It was a restful drive and one of the loveliest days of our entire trip.

The New Orleans press was most generous and sent a reporter and a photographer to our hotel for an interview and pictures. I am quite sure the co-operation of the press stimulated an interest in our visit and was of great assistance in bringing out a congregation on Sunday morning which taxed the capacity of the church. I had an opportunity on Sunday morning of meeting many of the people who had attended the reception. The service was dignified and beautiful. There are a great many people in the North who think that the South is very reactionary and backward and primitive in its religious expression. Many years ago Mr. Mencken spoke of it as "The Bible Belt" of America; but there are many evidences all over the South that the people are interested in a religion which is not limited by dogma and creed. In Tulsa, Oklahoma, in Miami, and other states in the South, liberal churches are growing by leaps and bounds and some of the most progressive work in religion is being done in some of our southern communities. New churches are being built and new fellowships are being organized in many places which a few years ago would have never considered liberal religion in any phase. The memories that we have of our New Orleans visit will become increasingly precious as the years go by.

When we went down to check out of our hotel and take the train to Washington, D.C., you can imagine my surprise when the cashier said: "You have been the guests of Colonel Seymour Weiss, the proprietor of the Roosevelt Hotel, during the days you have been here." I had spoken at the National Hotel Men's Convention some years ago and had met Colonel Weiss, but did not expect him to remember me to the extent that we were his guests. We did enjoy the beauty of the hotel, the comforts and ever-present consideration of the staff during the few days we were there. It is truly one of America's finest hotels. And to Colonel Weiss, we are most grateful for his kindness.

* * *

We left New Orleans late Sunday

evening on the Southern, arriving in Washington, D.C., on Tuesday morning, passing through some beautiful picturesque and historic scenery on the way to our capital city. June had never been in Washington and I looked forward to showing her the interesting places and visiting our national Capitol. We stayed at the Hotel Woodner, one of the newer residential hotels of the city and about a fifteen-minute taxicab drive from the heart of Washington.

I wish every citizen could spend a week in the capital city. I was delighted to see the number of young people, high school and college groups from all over the United States visiting Washington. We met them by the hundreds. We saw them everywhere. They crowded the galleries of the Senate and the House. There were throngs of them at Mount Vernon at the grave of Washington. No person could visit Washington and its historic environments without a deepening of their appreciation for our country's history and a resolve to do all they can to assist the country in these tempestuous times. One cannot have the experiences which were ours in the White House, in the Capitol, in Mount Vernon, before Lincoln's Memorial, at the foot of Washington's monument, standing at the grave of the unknown soldier in Arlington—one cannot have these experiences without being impressed with a sense of historical importance; or, as we stood at the grave of General Pershing, marked with a simple headstone, surrounded by the graves of the men who died in the First World War, without one's emotions being stirred and one's prayer that it might never happen again. We stood at the tombs of Woodrow Wilson and Admiral Dewey in the Washington Cathedral, and thought of what the intervening years had meant to the history of the world. We sat in the gallery of the United States Senate during the Tidelands Debate, listened and watched the workings of the greatest legislative body on this earth. We heard Senator Kefauver, our own Senators Douglas and Dirksen, Senator Morse of Oregon, Senator Taft, Senator McCarthy, Senator Capehart and Senator Saltonstall, and the distinguished and effective woman Senator, Senator Margaret Smith of Maine. Vice President Nixon presided as we sat and watched and listened. I thought: "Here it is. Democracy in action; diversity of opinions; arguing, debating, but underneath it all, vibrating with life and vitality, was the spirit which makes and keeps men free."

Washington is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Unlike many older cities, it started with a basic plan. Many of the others just grew. The winding streets of Boston were one time cow paths, but not so with Washington. While I have gone to Washington many times in the past, I saw it with a new interest because I was anxious for one who had never seen it to sense the full beauty, impact and significance of the city. We had an hour in the White House, and the fidelity with which the re-builders have preserved the rooms and the decorations of the old White House is amazing. The White House was practically re-built, but one sees no evidence of any change whatever. The historic rooms with their traditional decorations have been preserved without change. It is a home of which every American may be proud. The ancient furnishings are all there. The beautiful and valuable paintings of historical personages and occupants are hanging in their accustomed places. Visiting it was an experience we shall never forget.

In the Statler Hotel we had the good

fortune to meet some Chicago friends, who were there attending the National Association of newspaper editors. We met Mr. Richard Finnegan of the Chicago Sun-Times and Mr. Marshall Field of the Sun-Times, who introduced us to many other editors from the United States. I was most happy to see my old friend, Mr. Tom Wallace of the Louisville Times. Tom Wallace and I have been associated for a long time in work of the Izaak Walton League of America, and Mr. Wallace has served as National President. He is also interested in Pan-American press activities and a leader in understanding between South and North America. Mr. Wallace is active in the American Association of Newspaper Editors and it was through his invitation that we were able to attend a session of the Association which was one of the most important of the week. We met the Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Benson, Postmaster General, Mr. Summerfield, who is from my own County, Genesee County, in Michigan, and Mrs. Hobby, the new Secretary of the Department of Education, Health and Welfare of our government. She has been given Cabinet status and heads one of the most important departments of the government. We were both greatly impressed with Mrs. Hobby. Her address was given with great dignity, poise and as fine diction as I have ever heard in a woman speaker. I am quite sure from this first impression she will be a great asset in the affairs of this nation. There was a quiet dignity about her which indicated great potential strength.

Of course the climax of it all was hearing the President of the United States give what many considered the most important address since his inauguration. It was delivered on the day he was ill and yet he successfully covered any indication of his distress. After his address he rested for a few minutes in a room off the ballroom, before driving out to the ballpark, where he pitched the first ball in the opening season of baseball in Washington for the Senators. I thought the President looked very tired. He seemed very tense and I remarked to June that I was sure he was not feeling well. The responsibilities, anxieties and the possibilities of his great office will test the physical health of any man. Every time he takes a few days of rest and recreation he is doing a wise thing.

It seemed I could sense a different spirit everywhere in Washington than on some previous visits. It is intangible. I cannot quite put my finger on it, but the whole atmosphere seems different. I made it my business to speak to people everywhere and on every occasion. I talked to taxicab drivers, to policemen. I talked to merchants when we would go into the stores. I talked to people on the elevator. I talked to as many people as I could who were not a part of the official life at all, and without exception they said something is happening to Washington, and there is a different atmosphere entirely than there has been in times past. I know that this may be purely psychological, due to a complete change of administration. A change always produces a different atmosphere. But everyone seemed to feel that there were changes under way which would be better for the nation and the world. There were some who were disappointed with the President, and in some particulars with justification. It is not my purpose here to enter into any comment on the political situation nor to predict what might happen in the future. One can say quite simply and truthfully that the President and the administration will have only two years in which to achieve many things that will certainly take much longer; for in

two years the entire membership of the House of Representatives will be up for election, and two-thirds of the United States Senate. This means of course that public opinion will express itself in the selection of a new House and new members of the Senate and that public opinion will indicate quite comprehensively whether the people think the present administration has done all that it might have done and has accomplished what it promised to do in a pre-election campaign.

* * *

I had hoped to have much more space than there is left to tell of our great joy in renewing our friendships with the Reverend and Mrs. W. Waldemar W. Argow, Minister of the First Unitarian Church of Baltimore, Maryland. We went down to Baltimore from Washington on Friday evening. Dr. and Mrs. Argow met us and we saw as much of them as we possibly could until we left Baltimore on Monday evening, after my address to the Annual Banquet of the Baltimore Federation of Women's Clubs.

Dr. Argow is the Minister of the Mother Church of the Unitarian faith in this country, for it was in his pulpit that William Ellery Channing preached the great Baltimore sermon, and with clarity, charity and courage set the pattern for the free faith of the liberal churches of this nation.

I first met Dr. and Mrs. Argow when he was the Minister of the Peoples Church of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and when their two children, Waldemar, Junior and Rosemary, were very small. Now Junior is the Minister of the Peoples Church in Cedar Rapids, having succeeded his father there in the pulpit where he grew up as a boy, and the daughter is married to a distinguished physician and lives in Northampton, Massachusetts.

Dr. Argow was called from Cedar Rapids to Syracuse, New York, at the May Memorial Church, where he had a great ministry and where I preached for him when he was there, and then several years ago went to the First Church of Baltimore, Maryland. The Argow family had a summer home for many years on Birch Point, at Lake Vermilion, where we have our little island, and we have memories of many happy summer days together. There is no family in our denomination closer to us. I consider by every standard Dr. Argow to be the finest minister of our church. He has an unusual mind, and his sermons are not only utterances of courageous thinking, but his thoughts are clothed in literary and poetic beauty. When he went to the Baltimore church there were only a few families left in that historic institution, located in the heart of Baltimore. Today the church is filled with more than 700 people at every service —an alive, vibrant, enthusiastic congregation, making an impression upon the cultural and spiritual life of Baltimore. We hear a great deal in our church about some of the younger men going into communities and cities where there is no church and getting a group of people together. Much recognition is given to them and it is justified. They are missionaries. But I think when a minister will take an old church almost ready to expire and rebuild that church into a dynamic institution, with greater numbers and influence than the church ever had, he, too, should be given some recognition for what is in some respects a more difficult task than beginning in entirely new territory.

Dr. Argow, by every norm of the ministry, is one of the most successful ministers I know. He doesn't go in for the spectacular or the theatrical. He doesn't, through organizations and

(*Continued on page* 21)

# "SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE"

**SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY**
**Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago**

**Sunday, January 11, 1953**

AS LIFE deepens and the shadows of life lengthen for us, I think it is impressive to recognize that the mystery of life deepens with the developing of life. The longer we live, the more mysterious it all becomes. In youth, that mystery, or the awareness of it, does not seem to exist. Life does not have many mystical qualities for the young. There is something about the enthusiasms of youth and the dreams of youth and the coronation of the hopes of youth that seems to dissipate the element of mystery. But as we grow older, and the experiences of life crowd about us and upon us, the mystery of life deepens, and the content of that mystery becomes increasingly a challenge to us. Of course, there are minds that are so constituted that this element of the mystery of life has very little appeal and very little significance to them. Life seems to harden them rather than to mellow them.

One of the most beautiful personalities in the world is the personality who mellows with life, and not who hardens with life. There are those who feel that they have been so brutally treated by the experiences of life that they become seared with cynicism and soured with defeatism, and many of their own failures constitute the highway over which they travel to bitterness. Bitterness! It's a pathetic thing to grow old bitterly and to have in one's heart bitterness against others, bitterness against institutions, bitterness and hatred as the heart matures, and yet, there are people who grow sour with age. And I think there are many of us who know such people. Then there are those who translate experience into such terms of value that we utilize each experience for the deepening and mellowing of life. That we all must grow old, none can deny; but that we should grow bitter as we grow old is something that we can deny and we can refuse in our lives. And so, as life evolves and develops and the years come and the years go, we see the mystery of it all deepen. It begins with a mystery; it ends with a mystery.

We come into life out of the unknown; we become personalities, living, breathing, working, loving, sinning, failing, triumphant souls, and then we go out with a mystery, and both the mystery of birth and the mystery of death surround your life and mine. And there are many hours as we mature with life when we begin to wonder about it all. Sometimes the experiences of life are of such devastating proportions, that in a moment of anxiety we say to ourselves: Why was I born at all? Why was I even given life? And one of the most constructive and creative attitudes that I think we can justly assume in such a moment is our ability to appraise life in terms of its total value. If we isolate one experience against the other, then the tendency would be rather of a depressing character; but if we think of all experience as contributing, then our attitude becomes more creative and more hopeful. Would you have missed life? Would you have missed it? Take all your heartaches, all your sorrows, all your disillusionments, all your failures, all the tragedies, big and little—and there

is no life without them, none—everything which has happened to you, everything, and everything which you have done—would you have missed it? Can you try to imagine life as something you never lived? Can you honestly say to yourself, in the presence of the mystery of life: I wish I never had been born? If you can say that, you have my deepest sympathy—you have more than my sympathy, you have my pity! I wouldn't have missed it!

Sometimes, when I think of my life and what has come in and out of that life as I have lived through the years, taking all the contrasts, the shadows, and the highlights, the great moments and the tragic moments, the laughter and the happiness and the tears and the heartaches, the disappointments—and what life has not experienced disappointment—I am not quite satisfied with it. I suppose if I would walk through the congregation this morning and say to each one of you: What about it? Are you the man you thought you would be at twenty? What about those "twenty-year-old" dreams of yours? Now that you are forty, or fifty or sixty, and you look down the corridor of the years and you see yourself—what about it? Are you satisfied with it? And the same is true with the woman as with the man. Of course we're not! I don't know anyone who is satisfied with it! I'm not! I had dreams at twenty that I have never seen realized! I had hopes that were dashed to earth, never to rise again! I have known the disappointment and the agony of life! So have you! None of us ever misses it! That is one of the great realities of life, as well as one of its great mysteries. But with all the dashing of the hopes and with all the heartaches, with all the loss of life—and who hasn't lost—with all the moments, agonizing moments of memory of voices that shall never be heard again, of loved ones we shall never again know as we knew them, one's life—strange, mysterious life—is something one wouldn't have missed!

The cultural values, the spiritual resonance of the whole composite structure of life, builds the soul. And those who have never known resistance, who have never known difficulty, who have never known heartache, who have never known defeatism, who have never had frustration become withered souls. They become little people, and someday life will strike them too with its mystery. Someday they will lose a loved one; someday the shock of the mystery of life will come to them too, and when it does, they will be different. Life will be different. They will be more understanding and more tolerant and more sympathetic with life. No, we wouldn't have missed it! All the great lonely spirits of the ages, those beacon lights along the shore lines of history, each of them is a strange composite of laughter and tears. Those two emotions are very close together. The same spacial area that feels the trickle of a hot tear down to the mouth is the same area that dissipates the tear with a smile from that mouth. Tears and smiles blend together in this mystery of life, and I wouldn't have missed it!

In the ancient world, before that world grew up, under the heightening of the areas of human ignorance, the early poets and writers believed that our earth rested on the back of an elephant, and the elephant stood on the back of a turtle. Then they thought it was time to stop, and never told us what the turtle stood on, but it was the effort of a pre-scientific and a prehistoric mind to explain the mystery of the physical universe. And then came the unknown poet who wrote the BOOK OF JOB, and he, out of the imagery of his great creative spirit,

cried out to us in words of exquisite beauty, "He hangeth the world upon nothing!" He hangeth the world upon nothing, and the mystery, in the illumination of later science, always deepens, for the scientist is the one who opens up mystery and never solves it! Never! The scientist is one of the most mysterious of men.

When I was a lad in my little village high school over in Linden, Michigan, I was taught in the physics class that an atom was the smallest, indivisible particle of matter. That was the physics I was taught. How absurd those words are today, when we've found electrons, and protons, and ions in that atom that our physicists taught could never be divided. And we have split that atom into a billion, billion parts. Did we solve the mystery? No, we only increased the mystery! The more the mind of man attempts to explain the universe, the greater mystery he finds. So it is with life. The greater, the finer, the more beautiful, the more mature life becomes, the more mysterious it becomes! And we wonder at the mystery. It's very interesting in this particular to remember that as the mystery of life deepens, the necessity for an increased faith in the divine purpose of the cosmos becomes more apparent. The greater the unfoldment, the deeper the necessity for a creative faith. We need that! It's so easy to recall the consternation in our minds when a great hurricane strikes, and a house which is the brothel of purchased love falls in the same catastrophic confusion as the nunnery in the next block. It is interesting to remember that when famine strikes, and flood and fire, and tempest works havoc in life, the good, the beautiful, the pure perish under the same law! The mystery of it! I stand beside a beautiful character, whose thoughts are as pure as God's, whose body is the temple of the Divine, but who, for fifty-three years, has been helpless, lying in bed an invalid. And now darkness is setting in, for her eyes are going too. And the last of her life may be spent in the darkness, as most of her life has been spent in bed! While in the same town, an old roue who has brought nothing but vileness and stench and dirt in his wake, who has polluted life wherever he has touched it, lingers well and strong and active, participating in life. Mystery, mystery, mystery—all about us.

Then I have to stop and remember that one builds for the eternal bliss of the Divine presence, and the other, the other builds for the indescribable, agonizing moments of an eternal separation from the Divine. That's what hell is; and the former is Heaven! Every good deed and every noble thought and every beautiful spirit and everything which we have done to another to befriend them, every gentle act, every kind word, in the alchemy of God's love builds eternal peace. Every unkind word, every lie, every unkind act, every suspicion, every innuendo, every ounce of hatred builds separation from the Divine. We build our own heavens; we construct our own hells! People are on the earth, building for the ecstasy of God, remembering how the good and the beautiful and the true overbalance the bad and the unkind and the unfair. And that is why some people can lie removed from the world fifty-three years and reflect the ecstasy of the presence of God. That is why other people can have everything — wealth, comfort, assurance, position, fame, and have hearts that are restless. They're building walls between themselves and the Divine.

What are you building this morning? Have you given it some thought in your life? Are you building walls? Walls that will separate you from the

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# The Liberalist

**FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER**

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# EDITORIAL

("The Prevue," weekly bulletin of Manhattan Community Church, of Manhattan Beach, Calif., published the following quotations from Dr. Bradley's sermons, on May 10, 1953. The Rev. Emerald Olson, who has preached in Dr. Bradley's pulpit, is now their minister.)

The person about whom there is no criticism is the person who has never done anything! If you never want criticism just don't do anything or acquire any distinction in life, or make anything out of your life. And don't have an ideas about anything. Just become a nice, pliable, soft, manipulative piece of putty, and then, of course, you'll be all right. But who wants to be a piece of putty? People want to live active, creative, constructive lives! Well, the minute you do, you're going to get into trouble! Somebody's going to criticise you; somebody's going to find fault with you.

Obviously, what's the thing to do? To give vitality to their resentments? To remember their criticisms, so that the remembrance will create this restoration of resentment?

Remembrance and resentment go together, you see, and if we keep remembering these things our resentment is going to increase; and just as long as our resentment increases, our own fire and vitality is going to be impaired; and just the moment that we feel every peron's hand is against us, that nobody loves us, that nobody appreciates us, and we keep remembering and remembering—that sort of a background to our lives will ruin us. It will take you out of life, and it will create ineffectiveness for you; it will destroy your personality; it will be so powerful in its capacity to diminish effective living that you will increase your blame of everybody else while you witness your own elimination and your own destruction. Now that is disastrous—and there isn't any necessity for it at all, if we would just learn the art of forgetting!

# BOOK CHATS

BECAUSE it is springtime, and because I picked up the book to glance at it, and then because I couldn't put it down again, you are hereby invited to visit any bookstore and ask to look at *My Life On Earth* by Edward Harris Heth, published by Simon and Schuster on April 30th. It is the story of a city man who returned to the country, reminding one of David Grayson's experience. What a book it is for summer reading! I turned a couple of pages and came to Edwin Schmidt's pen and ink drawing of Carrie and Millie Litten, with their hats on. And on the opposite page, the same Carrie and Millie (aged somewhere in the 60's and each one referring to the other, in the other's absence, as "my elder sister"), evidently in the kitchen, for there was just a long curving stovepipe, one 60-odd-year-old with a paring knife and a stalk of celery in her hands, the other with a mixing bowl very full of ingredients (called "ingrediment" by one of their neighbors). Book illustrators are certainly coming into their own these days. More and more do the illustrations mean to a book something that the book couldn't do without. On page 154 of *My Life on Earth* there is a pen and ink dog standing on his hind legs that just dares the reader to come into the book and pet it. The dog is alive and so is his expression as he looks straight out at you. On another page I found a country road that just drew me to it like bees are drawn to honey. You just *have* to read the book if you dare to look at the illustrations, because you know there is something in there that you can't do without.

The author, Edward Harris Heth, was born in Wisconsin and is back home again after a long interval in New York. H. L. Mencken bought for "The American Mercury" Mr. Heth's first short story, written in college. Since that time writing has been Mr. Heth's career, though he is also a brilliant amateur gardener and cook. It must be he learned from those two old-maid sisters, the Littens (to cook, I mean). He is the author of six novels: *Some We Loved, Told With a Drum, Light Over Ruby Street, Any Number Can Play, We Are the Robbers, If You Lived Here. Any Number Can Play* was made into a motion picture; and he has just completed the book and lyrics of a musical play based on *If You Lived Here.*

The book *My Life On Earth* was begun when he first returned to the House on the Hill in southern Wisconsin. Parts of it appeared in his column written for a local county weekly paper. The fan mail about some of the characters was so great and the characters became so loved that it became almost an obligation to preserve them between book covers. This is the book which he claims has given him more pleasure and satisfaction in the writing than any other work he has ever done.

The book is the story of a harried, hurried, tense, successful city man forced to return to the country. He didn't want to return and a great deal of time was consumed by him at first in being lonely with the loneliness of being where he didn't want to be. But burly Bud Devere did something about it, and then the duck that only Miss Millie and Miss Carrie knew how to cook in that special, secret and loving

way of theirs, which they carried to the country social in the Essex, with the curtains down, had its own part in enticing him away from his loneliness.

In speaking of Miss Millie and Miss Carrie, the author says: "There was about them a dozey warmth. In their laps were an array of artificial flowers, faded poppies and pansies, and peculiar limp pink things which could have once been lilacs. I don't know why, but each fall they carefully snip all the flowers off their summer hats, store the flowers *and* the hats in the same box in a cool dry place, as one might store gladioli bulbs, and next spring sew the flowers back on again. For winter they transfer to beaver caps, plus mackinaws, plus thick canvas mittens and an assortment of scarves—you are always disappointed not to find them lugging rifles."

Then again, when they were feeding him his first refreshments in their little home: "We ate banana pie—or I did, while they watched sharply, nodding when I swallowed the last bite as if a mission had been accomplished. Millie had had other things on her mind when she baked the pie and put wild plum jam in by mistake, but since Carrie had been thinking of something else when she mixed the batter and made gingerbread instead, it didn't matter. It was a beautiful cake. I ate my large piece, and Carrie urged me to have more banana pie, and perhaps my answer sounded addled." The funniest part of this visit came later on, as the author was leaving, but, though I laughed aloud with the delight of his description, I must not put it down here, for every incident of the book is a prime story in itself and no bit of the book should be taken away from it until you sit down with it all by yourself and feast on it.

The publishers say that when the manuscript of *My Life On Earth* first came in, they were reminded of the flavor and charm of the delightful book published ten years ago, *Grandma Called It Carnal,* by Bertha Damon. They hope you will agree this book has that same rare quality. It is a book about the country written for urban people. It tells you not only what you may hope to find, but how and what one man did find of greater importance than anything he had known before.

* * *

Now I want to interest you in the book *Two Lives,* by Lucy Sprague Mitchell, published by Simon and Schuster. It is the story of Wesley Clair Mitchell and the author; the story of their remarkable marriage and of their two notable careers. Wesley Clair Mitchell, up until his death in 1948, was one of the leading economists of our era. Lucy Sprague Mitchell, writer and one of the most influential educators of our time, tells of her own life and work and, in the same clear detail, of the life and work of her husband. The story of their highly successful professional lives is told against a background of social history. Through thirty-six years of a marriage rich with love, humor and humanity, their personal lives were equally successful. This is not only a dual biography of two leaders of fascinating professions, but is also an inspiring delineation of the way in which mature, intelligent people can work out a dynamic and idealistic and workable philosophy of living and, as a result, play a part in the world we live in. It is a love story of the very best kind, warm, romantic —and true. It is a book that cheers the heart as well as the mind for it reaffirms and glorifies the dignity of men and women, and the institution of marriage.

Lucy Sprague Mitchell was appointed in 1906 as first Dean of Women and the first woman on the

faculty at the University of California. For thirty-four years she was Chairman of the Bureau of Educational Experiments (now the Bank Street College of Education), and is best known for this work and for her authorship of *The Here and Now Story Book*. She has taught all elementary school ages and has worked with teachers in fourteen experimental schools and public school workshops. She is currently Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Bank Street College of Education. She has written a large number of books, the most recent being *Our Children* and *Our Schools*, published in 1950. She is the mother of four.

In her first experiences as a teacher of children, she worked with three educational pioneers: Caroline Pratt, founder of the City and Country School; Elisabeth Irwin, founder of The Little Red Schoolhouse; and Harriet Johnson, first director of the Bank Street Nursery School.

In 1912 she married Wesley Clair Mitchell, the economist, and they made their home in New York City. Having four children of her own, Mrs. Mitchell had to make the most of her spare moments, and wrote much of the famous *Here and Now Story Book* on top of a Fifth Avenue bus. Other books she has written are *Our Growing World Series; North America; Horses, Now and Long Ago; Young Geographers;* and she is co-author of *Manhattan, Now and Long Ago; Skyscrapers; My Country 'Tis of Thee;* and *The People of the United States.*

Wesley Clair Mitchell's chief contribution was in research in the field of business cycles. He wrote or co-authored ten books, many of them concerned with business cycles, and in addition taught at such institutions as Columbia and Harvard Universities, the Universities of Chicago and California, and Oxford University in England. He was chief of the price section, serving three War Boards during World War I. From 1920 to 1945 he was Director of Research of the National Bureal of Economic Research and served as well on a number of Government boards and committees concerned with the social sciences. He is known to students of the social sciences as the dean of American economists.

Surely the lives of a great economist and a famous educator will hold interest for a great number of people. And when these two people's lives are joined through marriage, the interest is doubled. The book is divided into six parts: Our Contrasting Childhoods—Our Contrasting Educations—Our Berkeley Years: 1903 to 1912—Finding Our Place in New York —Work of Our Middle Years: After 1920; His Work; My Work; and The Pattern of Our Lives Changes. Then follows, A Backward Look: The Growth of Our Credos. There are photos of themselves as children and through the years. There is one very beautiful photo of Mrs. Mitchell when she was Dean of Women, University of California, and Assistant Professor of English.

To young married people who wish to each carry on separate professional careers, this book should be compulsory reading. Educators will be interested in the book from an educational standpoint; economists from the standpoint of the student of economics; but at the same time it will be a book for those who are interested in the stability of American family life.

* * *

William Morrow and Company have published a new novel by Nevil Shute. They tell us this novel, *In the Wet,* with the story laid in Australia, brings us an exciting different Shute, combining the qualities readers loved best in

such novels as *The Far Country, The Legacy* and *Pied Piper,* with the explosive impact of an astonishing new world.

Nevil Shute, the author, was born in England and educated at Shrewsbury School and Balliol College, Oxford. He has published fifteen books in the past twenty years, and has become one of the world's most beloved storytellers. In addition to this is his very successful career as an aeronautical engineer.

About three years ago Mr. Shute and his family moved from England to Australia, which is the setting of Mr. Shute's most recent novels.

The publishers give us seven reasons why the "tenderness, humanity, understanding and young heart" of Nevil Shute are beloved on both sides of the ocean.

They then quote from various reviewers and authorities on books, what has been said about seven different books by Nevil Shute. I shall quote these for you:

*The Far Country* (1952). "It has become a literary cliché to call Nevil Shute the master story teller. 'He has done it again' is becoming another cliché. But he has. This tale has the color of *The Legacy,* a love story as poignant as that in *Pastoral,* the compassion for the war-lost found in *Pied Piper,* and a story as seductive as *Round the Bend* or *No Highway.*" Anne O. Basage, St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Bernardine Kielty, in Book-of-the-Month Club News, said of Mr. Shute's *Round the Bend* (1951): "A strangely absorbing story, told without tricks or artifice, but with compelling power."

Fanny Butcher, in the Chicago Tribune, said of *The Legacy* (1950): "Among Nevil Shute's many books filled with courageous human adventure, *'The Legacy'* will stand out as a fabulous record of one young woman's courage."

Alice Dixon Bond, *Boston Herald,* in 1948, said of the author's *No Highway*: "Spun with the delicate hand of a master weaver of romance and adventure . . . fascinating plot."

From the *Christian Science Monitor* this comment is quoted on Nevil Shute's *The Chequer Board* (1947): "Outstanding in its significance, powerful in impact . . . Shute's stature as an author has immeasurably increased."

*Pastoral* (1944): "This idyll is vastly more convincing than most novels of the so-called 'realistic' type . . . refreshing and delightful . . . a model of craftsmanship." *New York Herald Tribune.*

*Pied Piper* (1942): "The work of a master story-teller . . . piles up dramatic force with quiet realism, glows as quietly with valiant tenderness, and points a significant theme without overemphasis." *New York Times.*

Vacationtime is a good time to pick up a novel for a bit of lighter reading, though some novels cannot be classed as light reading. That is why I have given these comments on several of Nevil Shute's books.

Other books not quoted on above are his *Lonely Road, Kindling, Ordeal, An Old Captivity, Landfall, Most Secret* and *Vinland the Good.*

This latest book, *In the Wet,* is one of the finest love stories Nevil Shute has written: provocative, controversial —a story not only of today but of tomorrow.

Mr. Shute himself says of this book: "As a background to this story, I have tried to picture the relations of the countries in the British Commonwealth as they may be thirty years from now. No man can see into the future, but unless somebody makes a guess from time to time and publishes it to stimulate discusion it seems to me that we

are drifting in the dark, not knowing where we want to go or how to get there.

"The Monarch is the one strong link that holds the countries of the Commonwealth together; without that link they would soon fall apart. If any forecast of Commonwealth relations in thirty years time is to be made, it is vacant and sterile unless also it contains a forecast of the position of the Monarch, and gives warning of the strains and tensions that in thirty years may come upon that very human link.

"Since personal strains and tensions must inevitably affect the future of the Commonwealth, it seems to me that fiction is the most suitable medium in which to make this forecast. Fiction deals with people and their difficulties and, more than that, nobody takes a novelist too seriously. The puppets born of his imagination walk their little stage for our amusement, and if we find that their creator is impertient his errors of taste do not sway the world."

You meet Roger Hargreaves in the driving rain ("the wet," as Australians call the rainy season) and from then until you leave him in the closing chapter, you watch new vistas opening up into the future.

This is a love story of a man and girl who put country first in time of crisis, and love second, in order to build a sound and enduring life together; and all of Shute's magic is in this glorious love story.

# The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

IT IS of course very trite to say that it isn't the house, but the people in it that make the home. Or, as Edgar Guest so quaintly and beautifully phrased it, "It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home." And it's the atmosphere created by the people who live in it that really makes it come alive.

While Dr. and Mrs. Bradley were away during April the apartment just seemed to resound with emptiness and became a different place altogether. It just wasn't the same home without the people in it.

So when Mrs. Bradley arrived, a day or two ahead of Doctor, because of the requirements at Northwestern University, and because of a speaking engagement in Baltimore that required his presence a day longer, the apartment that had been so hollow and still became alive again with brightness and laughter. So it seemed very appropriate that when I arrived at the Study Monday morning the sun should be shining and June's very bright glance told me, even before any words were uttered, that they had had a wonderful time.

While they were away I had an interesting experience. Whenever any organization to which I have belonged has suggested the possibility of having its membership participate in a debate I have almost had a chill for fear I might be asked to take part in it. I have always enjoyed a debate when-

ever I have heard one, though the occasions have been very few when I have attended a debate. The Professional and Business Woman's Club in its early days brought a debating team of young bankers to the church and they were most interesting.

So when my Chapter No. 5, Dale Carnegie Club International, sent out a flier announcing we were to have an impromptu debate, I really wondered what would happen. A box was passed around with subjects written on slips of paper. Four slips had identical subjects, except that two of those slips were for the affirmative side and two for the negative. The entire group participated, in teams of four each. We had a five minute break just before the slips were passed around, during which everyone found his or her partner and did the preliminary planning.

I was temporarily horrified to discover I was to talk on the affirmative side of "Should Rent Control Be Abolished?" But the die was cast and there I stood with the subject in my hand. With very few minutes to spare I began to think, and fast, and to jot down some notes. Before you think I'm bragging too much, let me assure you I only had to speak two minutes, one of the opponents two minutes, then my partner spoke two minutes, and the other opponent his two minutes; after which I had the rebuttal.

To my amazement, before I had finished my part of the debate I had thoroughly convinced myself that I believed in the affirmative. And our side won the vote of the group!

This all reminded me of a lawyer I once worked for. His partner always said of him, that no matter how black the case looked for their client, he would so thoroughly convince himself of the client's innocence that even his partner couldn't intimate that maybe they should consider whether he might be guilty or not. Naturally his confident assurance was helpful to his case before the judge.

Having won this little debate I now feel very certain of the wisdom and advantage of having much practice in debating. At least I learned the efficacy of doing the thing you fear to do as the surest and quickest way to overcome that fear.

* * *

The Mail Bag is a very fat one this month. The first letter we take from it is from Iowa.

John Weaver, Manager, Iowa Life Insurance Company, of Des Moines, Iowa, writes:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I want to again express to you our appreciation of the fine message you brought us the other evening at the Annual Meeting of the Affiliated Companies of the Iowa Farm Bureau Federation.

Our organization has always made it a point to have the top speakers of America at our meetings, but it is the consensus of opinion here that we have never had anyone who brought us the inspiration you did.

As I told you, I would very much like to have copies of some of your addresses. We spoke particularly about "Facing the Future." If you would send me a copy of that and any others which you care to send, I would appreciate it very much. Please send me a statement of the amount of the cost.

Thank you again, and we hope you will speak to our group again sometime in the not too distant future.

Sincerely,
John Weaver, Manager.

* * *

When I took the letter which follows from the Mail Bag, the letterhead interested me, because it read, under the name "Monte Randall," "America's

Leading Public Forum Moderator, Famous California Town Meetings, 'Pulse Beat of the Community'," followed by a street address in Los Angeles, California. There were five additional lines of explanation: "Radio & Television Commentary; Adult Education; Community Service; Creative Writing; Lectures." Then I noticed the letter consisted of four pages.

The whole four pages proved very interesting to me and I think they will to you.

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It is always good to sit down and write to you; to recall the old wonderful days back in Chicago, when you were on my many radio broadcasts and spoke before my Midwest Forum in the Gold Ballroom of the Continental and at Vassar House. I remember on each occasion how we drew crowds of a thousand and over on our symposiums of religious brotherhood, which has made your name so beloved throughout the nation.

Before bringing you up to date, however, and telling you what I have in mind, I want to relate an exquisite little item which you will relish.

You remember when I entered the Army I refused a commission before entering, in order to win it in the service, without political help from the White House. Well, I wanted to be transferred to the Air Corps Officer Candidate School. Three letters of recommendation were required: one from a public official, one from a military name, and one from a member of the clergy. You remember I wrote you from Jefferson Barracks and you immediately sent off a full synopsis of my public service career in Chicago, together with your full personal endorsement. O. K. BUT to make my application good, I wrote the White House and asked the President to make a personal recommendation as well, since F. D. R. had endorsed me for the Congress in the Gold Coast's 9th District, as you recall.

Also reposing on the Board of Examiner's desk was a letter of military and personal endorsement from Major General John V. Clinnin, in whose regiment I had served in the Illinois Guard.

NOW, IMAGINE! One from the President, himself, on White House stationery; one from a two-star General; and one from a leading clergyman. So I had ALL THE PRESSURE to get anything!

Well, when I went before the Board for the transfer to Air Corps, the Captain looked me over, and this is what he said:

"Randall, we've never had such an impressive array of endorsements. However, I'm a Republican who didn't vote for F. D. R.; I was in a tougher command than General Clinnin will ever SEE; but THIS LETTER FROM DR. BRADLEY—THIS IS THE ENDORSEMENT WE WANT, because we know Dr. Bradley; we listen to his WGN broadcasts regularly, and if HE SAYS YOU'RE O. K., RANDALL,—YOU'RE IN!"

Well, I got a terrific kick out of the incident and I know you'll enjoy it too.

California is the great land of opportunity for the Town Meeting idea, which as you and I know is the next great movement of public and social gatherings in this country. The reason is the climate to begin with. In Chicago I was held down to five or six months at most, but in California one can hold meetings the entire year around—even in July and August—for the nights are cool and conducive to social gatherings. So I have made the next big move upward toward national service in the Town Meeting field.

Just as was the case over the Marshall Field station, WJJD, when I was Mr. Field's News Commentator, and over CBS outlet, we shall have the same related radio and television public service outlets here and all along the coast in a network, starting next season.

"LIFE" Magazine is holding up its story on me until I can find a ballroom as large and photogenic as in Chicago, for the "LIFE goes to an American Town Meeting" feature. So that brings me up to date with you. Oh, yes, my book "The Map of Certainty," a simple approach to semantics and intuition combined, should be ready in the Fall.

And that brings me to the point. There is a book recently published called "Pathways to Power," by a St. Louis businessman named Edward L. Kramer. It is a very readable book, with valuable illustrations, written in unpretentious and friendly style, which can help people remake themselves into positive, happy, resourceful and successful individuals through contacting the INSIDE. The book is needed *now*. The time is historically ripe for this work, and I am persuaded to develop its public familiarity to the highest levels.

Mr. Kramer will speak under the auspices of the California Town Meetings next Monday at the Wilshire Ebell, and I shall then initiate a movement forward, embracing radio, television, Town Meetings, newspaper, and general publicity for this purpose of extending the book's name throughout the country. We shall mail you a copy by separate post this week.

This book deserves a book review and something more. It needs a prefatory statement of appreciation by a national leader in the field of spiritual and human inspiration, to be included in its next edition, which once we start pushing will run in much larger numbers than formerly.

I can think of no more distinguished name, and certainly none which would give me greater pleasure and pride, than that of Dr. Preston Bradley, in a page or two of preface. Your name will give the book the prestige among public leaders which it deserves. For this reason I will have the book mailed to you first for your perusal, and would be obliged if I could hear from you by return mail, first as to your impressions, and also as to a book review of "Pathway to Power," both from your pulpit and on your radio series.

I shall be in Chicago for a short visit this summer and will look forward to seeing you again; and any time you are in California our radio and television facilities will always be at the disposal of your work and purpose.

Thank you again for this favor to me, and may Providence preserve the health and vitality of one of the country's greatest spiritual leaders, a *real American,* and a *fine friend!*

Your friend,

Monte

* * *

From Glen Ellyn, Illinois, comes this comment from W. J. Macdonald:

About two weeks ago I happened to tune in your program and heard you deliver one of the finest talks I have ever heard on a subject I have for many years been interested in, entitled "Remember to Forget."

I once knew an old Irish doctor in Chicago who was a deep thinker, and he used to tell me that, more important than knowing how to remember, was to know how to forget. He told me that many years ago when he attended Trinity College in Dublin, an old professor at that college stressed this subject very strongly. Dr. Sullivan had never forgotten this instruction, and governed his life to a large extent on

this admonition. You are the only other person from whom I have gotten this advice, given to me many years ago.

I think your talk on the subject was a classic, and should have wide distribution.

* * *

Now we take from our Mail Bag the very sincere and grateful letter of one who has been ill:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Yesterday I wrote you a short "thank-you" note for your most gracious call on me at Augustana Hospital, in which I didn't get the opportunity of seeing you, as I had left the previous evening. But today I heard one of your most inspiring, to me, sermons I have ever heard (at home on the radio).

It is many years since I started hearing you, and whenever possible, either at church or on the radio at home, I listen and have missed very few. I have written to you before, when greatly inspired, but this morning you were magnificent! Perhaps it is because the story of your wonderful father and his creativeness brought to mind so vividly our own father, gone these many years but so close to our hearts that it seems yesterday. He, too, was all loving and kind; and as you so vividly portrayed family life of those days, it all rushes back with a poignancy and preciousness that brings sorrow and also compassion for those to whom it has been denied, and for whom one says a little prayer.

And when, in the course of your sermon (in which also is that little humor that I find so necessary for our hearts) some precious gem falls such as true values, eternal things, the beauty and love of God, all these things, across my thought flashes, "God bless him." And indeed you are blessed, dear Dr. Bradley, in inspiring others to the search for, and finding, God.

May the Lord keep and sustain you long upon earth, to help pepole find their true spiritual selves, as sons and true reflections of God.

Sincerely,

Mrs. E. Lucaccioni

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

---

## Sweet Mystery of Life

(*Continued from page* 10)

Divine; walls that will bring to you physical diseases, disintegrating personalities? Or are you building the beautiful, mystical wall-less lives in which you can reach up and absorb and touch the Divine life straight through? Each of us is a builder. Let us be careful how we build!

Have you ever been to Franconia Notch in New Hampshire? If you have, you have probably spoken across Echo Lake. There is a little lake called Echo Lake, and you can stand at a certain place on the rugged roadside at Franconia Notch and you can say, a little above a whisper, anything you choose, and it will come back to you. It will reverberate through the hills. You can stand there and you can say a beautiful prayer and that prayer will come back to you; or you can stand with words of filth dropping from your lips, and the words of filth will come back to you. Life is like that! There is an "echo lake" in every life, and you can speak words and do deeds of helpfulness and beauty and they'll come back to you, or you can tear and hurt and scar your life and another's, and those words will come back to you too. Remember, there is an "echo lake" in every life. Choose well your echo!

# Along the Way

(*Continued from page 7*)

committees and activities, attempt to reform the world over night. He has balance, good judgment, understanding and is honored and beloved by the entire city of Baltimore.

Mrs. Argow, affectionately known to us as Elsie, complements him in every particular. Gracious, kindly, dynamic and cooperative in every way. The Baltimore church is one of the most thriving institutions in the Unitarian denomination. As I stood in the historic pulpit on the last Sunday of my own holiday, I was overwhelmed. For one who has been an ardent admirer of William Ellery Channing for fifty years, it was an experience to realize I was standing in the pulpit from which he preached the great Baltimore Sermon.

Dr. and Mrs. Argow took us out to Annapolis. It was my first visit to the Naval Academy. As I went all over the campus I saw the students march from class to class and I wondered about their future and the future of my country and the world. I met two members of the Academy, young men, one of them from Terre Haute, and the other from East Chicago, both of whom had heard our broadcast from the church and knew about our work in Chicago.

The Governor of Maryland is a friend and neighbor of Dr. Argow's in Baltimore, and we visited his office in the Capitol building. He was on the West Coast, but his secretary received us most graciously.

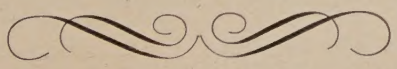
* * *

As we came back to Chicago to pick up our work and to begin where we had left off, it hardly seemed possible that we had traveled so far, met so many fine people, and had so many interesting experiences within the two weeks in which we had been away. It was good to be back in our own pulpit and the welcome we received warmed our hearts.

Our church year will soon be over. I wish I could be more definite about our summer plans in this June number. I shall be busy right up until the 25th of June with commencements and addresses. The last commencement I will give will be for the schools of Fort William, Ontario, in Canada. Then we plan to get some rest and sail on the 25th of July for Ireland, preaching in Dublin, Belfast and London, and then, through Germany to Switzerland, where I am assisting in the establishment of a new college to be called the Albert Schweitzer College, at Churwalden, Switzerland. Dr. Schweitzer is cooperating in this foundation and is planning to be present in Switzerland. I will tell you more of the details in the July number.

As our church year closes I have not words to express my appreciation and gratitude for all you have done during the year. I appreciate your taking our Liberalist and am grateful for your kindly letters which have expressed appreciation for our church magazine.

I wish for you and yours a full and happy summer and will greet you next month as we walk down the highway of the years "Along the Way."



# DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

**APRIL**

1—Address. Erlanger Theatre
Address. Peoples Church
Meeting. Commission on Human Relations
Wedding

2—Address. Erlanger Theatre
Address. Peoples Church

3—Address. Erlanger Theatre
Address. Peoples Church

4—Wedding

5—Three Easter Services

12—Sermon. First Unitarian Church, New Orleans, La.

13—Left for Washington, D. C.

14—Visited U. S. Senate & House

16—Heard President's speech

17—Attended session of Natl. Assoc. Newspaper Editors. Heard Postmaster Gen. Summerfield, Sec. Benson, Mrs. Hobby, Head of Health Educ. and Welfare. Met Marshall Field, Richard Finnegan, Tom Wallace and other editors.

19—Sermon. First Unitarian Church, Baltimore, Md.

20—Address. Maryland State Convention Federation of Woman's Clubs, Hotel Emerson, Baltimore, Md.

22—Address. Kiwanis Club, Hotel Astor, Milwaukee, Wis.
Address. Foreman's Safety School, of Milw. Chamber of Commerce, Milw. Auditorium, Milw., Wis.

23—Address. Temple Beth Israel, Jackson, Mich.

24—Address. Civic Auditorium, Grand Rapids, Mich. Masons from all over Western Michigan

25—Three weddings
Address. Friends of Literature Shakespeare Banquet (22nd)

26—Sermon. Peoples Church
Sermon. Grace Presbyterian Church

27—Address. Men's Club. Anderson Hall Peoples Church

28—Address. Junior Assoc. of Commerce Wedgewood Room. Marshall Field's Funeral

29—Address. East Senior High School Rockford, Ill.
Address. Quota and Sonta Clubs, La-Fayette Hotel, Rockford, Ill.
Funeral
Address. 25th Anniversary Dinner to Bishop Bernard J. Shiel, Grand Ballroom, Palmer House

30—Address. Timken-Detroit Axle Co., Jackson, Mich.

**WEDDINGS**

1—Margaret Lingo and Frank Gregg

4—Betty Ann Richards and Claude W. Perry

25—Jean M. Ward and Dr. Leslie W. Krieger
Zelda Fulton and Marvin Coursey
Dorothy Johnson and Martin McMahan

**FUNERALS**

28—Mrs. Clara Dalton

29—Robert Ferguson

**CHRISTENINGS**

5—Easter Christenings published in May Liberalist

26—Louise Stiegelmaier (adult)
Mattie Martha Arnold (adult)

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## Concluding Sunday Schedule
## Dr. Bradley's Sermon Subjects

June 7—Does God Believe In You?
June 14—You Control Your Future (Youth Sunday—Baccalaureate Sermon)

# THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

## 941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent ..... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD ..... 11:00 a.m.

Woman's Club—For Summer Events, call the Corresponding Secretary, Miss Edith Anderberg, SUnnyside 4-9146

Regular club meetings held every two weeks, from September to May

Men's Club—Meets the 4th Monday of each month, September to May

Professional and Business Woman's Club—For Summer Events, write Miss Rosemary Christensen, 2805 N. Leavitt St., Chicago 18

Regular meetings held on the 2nd Tuesday of every month, September through May

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director

*In Memoriam*

Channing Club (young people of High School age) 1st & 3rd Friday ..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Thursday in the Church Auditorium ..... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club—Secretary, Mr. Paul H. Raabe, UPtown 8-8620

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

## DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning, entire church service ..... 11:00 a.m.-12:30 p.m.

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## THE PEOPLES CHURCH, Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Rd.

***Time of Service 11:00 A.M.***

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago

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